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Poetry, American - Collections

FROM VIRGINIA
* TO GEORGIA.

A TRIBUTE IN SONG,

BY VIRGINIA WOMEN.

Published under the auspices of

THE VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT OF WOMAN-WORKERS

FOR THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION,
ATLANTA, 1895.

Edited by MARY STUART SMITH.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Board of Women Managers of the Cotton States and International Exposition (to be held in Atlanta from September 18th to December 31st, 1895,) have extended a cordial invitation to the women of Virginia to have an exhibit in their Woman's Building. This invitation was presented to and through the Governor of Virginia, who was desired to appoint a Board of Managers and Committee of Ladies to superintend the proper representation of the State. His Excellency Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall immediately acceded, on his own part, and proceeded to make these nominations, proving his zeal in the cause by appointing the first meeting of the Board and Colonial Committee to take place at the Executive Mansion, under his personal supervision.

The warm and hospitable reception of the ladies, and the hopeful enthusiasm shown in the proper representation of the Old Dominion by both Governor and Mrs. O'Ferrall did much to inspire the members of the Committees with the patriotic fervor needed to carry their arduous undertaking to a successful conclusion. The Legislature was not in session; State funds were not therefore available. In view of this fact and the urgent necessity for money to meet the demands that must be made upon the Treasury, each member of the

several committees proposed to do something to raise money, and to the impetus of such a felt necessity this Booklet owes its existence.

Poetry is the natural medium of expression for the deep feelings of the heart. This little volume voices the true friendship between the sister States of Georgia and Virginia which it is believed this Exposition will go far towards strengthening and rendering perpetual.

It is due to the publishers to state that the terms on which this Booklet appears, are such as to render the undertaking, on their part, too, a truly patriotic one.

Coming, therefore, before the public under the auspices of the Governor of our State and a set of ladies chosen by him to represent all sections of Virginia, we confidently commit the success of the little venture to the patriotic everywhere.

THE EDITOR.

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OUR NATION'S FAITH.

Oh God! beneath whose folded hand
So long was hidden away
The secret of the wondrous land
We glory in to-day.

We thank Thee that with faith profound
Our sires their sails unfurled,
And claimed as henceforth hallowed ground
This unsuspected world.

That here they suffered, toiled and bled,
For leave to keep Thy laws;
That here pure martyr-blood was shed
For freedom's holiest cause;

That through what Christian men have done
By stress of conscience driven,
No other land beneath the sun
Owes half so much to Heaven!

Now in the zenith of our fame
The nations come at call,
To learn the secret that we claim
Must hold the world in thrall.

What is it? Not our armaments
On ocean or on shore;
Not vaunted freedom's proud pretence,
Not gold's uncounted store.

Our faith hath made us what we are,
Beneath these skies so broad,
From Southern cross to Northern star
Our people worship God!

Margaret J. Preston



VIRGINIA'S GREETING.

Hail Georgia! Hail! Virginia greeting gives
To thee, bright star of our beloved South,
On whose ascent with fondest pride she looks!
To thee, a younger sister born of love,
Whose sons and daughters honor thy fair name!
In every Southern heart will ring for aye,
The words thy statesmen's silvered tongues let fall
An echo to thy poets' lays is found
In every soul attuned to music sweet,
And Mem'ry sacred holds thy valiant sons
Who for their mother's honor shed their blood.

Proudly Virginia doth thy kinship claim,
For she to thee by tenderest ties is bound
And with exceeding joy their triumphs watch,
And now, before thee, in proud homage bows.

Marie Annie Benson.

ATLANTA!

What vision this that strikes upon the eyes
As draw we near thy thronged and bustling mart!
See gorgeous palaces and turrets rise,
A Southern scene in which the world takes part.
Such wealth of grandeur, what a glad surprise;
Atlanta, thou a very Phoenix art.
Evokes thy loveliness emotions deep;
With reverent awe instinctively we bow,
For, did not here war's cruel besom sweep?
But best of all, the crown that gilds thy brow
Skilled industry has wrought. Her magic wand
Has caused to bloom once more a ravaged land.
All hail, thou youthful city, brave and strong,
Prosperity be thine through ages long!

Mary Stuart Smith

“FEAR GOD AND WORK,”

Dr. John A. Broadus closed his “Memorial of Gessner Harrison” before the Society of Alumni at the University of Virginia, July 2, 1873, with these words: “And let it be the last words spoken to-day concerning Gessner Harrison, spoken as it were, in his name to the professors and the students of the University he loved so well, ‘Sirs, Brothers, Fear God and Work.’”

“Fear God and Work” are words of gold,
Which will forever be enrolled,
As watch-words for our coming youth,
By one who grandly *lived* their truth.

“Fear God and Work”—this motto rare,
Was born of virtue and of prayer,
Its matchless author lived it well,
And working, in the harness fell.

“Fear God and Work”—to rest he’s lain,
But leaves behind this grand refrain;
Let us take up the note sublime
And sound it till the end of time.

“Fear God and Work”—his silver tongue
Spoke priceless words to old and young,
And though he ne’er will speak again,
His blessed teachings still remain.

Julia Page Jones.

TO DEATH.

O beautiful seemest thou Death, to me gazing and longing,
Nor harsh, nor severe as of old to the poets appearing,
But young, ever young, and of holiest, tenderest bearing,
Thy smile like a lover's.

By the shore of a sea golden-gray with the wings of the twilight,
Thou waitest serene; in the wind-sifted silver anear thee
Slow tracing the names of the weary for whom thou art waiting,
How softly they vanish!

How swiftly, how sweetly the gentle, cool ripples approaching
The names wash away, as thy kisses will wash from the spirits
The smart and the anguish of memory, tears and vain-longing
Thou savior from sorrow!

Amelia Rives

ALMS.

“I am an Alms of all.”

Unpublished saying of R. W. Emerson.

Before Life's gateways, wide and splendid,
A happy beggar, do I stand;
All things are royal gifts bestowing,
Unstinted, into outstretched hand.

For me, the skyey pageants moving;
The sea rolls tribute to my feet;
For my solacing, winged service,
Earth's lavish bloom and fragrance sweet.

All men are at my life-loom weaving,
Weaving the garment of my thought;
The colors of their hope and dreaming
With shadowy threads of fear inwrought.

For me, the old Hellenic contest;
The windy shout along the plain;
For me did Hamlet muse, and Arthur
In fairyland his crown retain.

Receiving alms, myself am given,
All unto each, each unto all;
The glittering drop of spray returning
Feeds the undying fountain's fall.

Ella F. Mosby.

THE BELLS OF IS.

[CHICAGO, 1893-1894.]

One year ago, lured by some subtle hand,
My spirit sought Atlantis, the renown'd,
And, as in radiant dreams, the lost was found!
Her palaces, of god-like genius plann'd,
Weird, pallid, as by breath of wizard fann'd;
Her founts of joy, with iris-arches crown'd;
Her wondrous scenes, evok'd from magic-ground,
Woo'd to her shrines vast throngs from every land.
O, Bells of Is, ye chime from vanish'd domes
Whose phantoms haunt the blue lake and lagoon;
Ye bless, for aye, each pilgrim soul that roams
From Is, anointed by fair mem'ry's boon;
Your melodies swell thro' unnumber'd homes,
And, to their rhythm, our wistful hearts attune!

Virginia Shuffey Healler

UNSEEN.

Where art thou, Child? The day is passing fair
And on the hills is sunshine like thy yellow hair;
In bosky dell, the brooklets tinkling meet;
They mock my search, like patt'rings of their feet.

Along familiar paths the jasmines bloom,
Their white stars shining on my lone heart's gloom;
But though I search all fragrant beauteous ways
I find not where thy blithesome spirit stays.

From valleys deep to heights that heavenward rise,
I catch no glance from thy dear vanished eyes.
Thy footsteps whither trend? O, Mystery!
Unseen are walks of Immortality.

Yet, Child, there is a land I know where thou
Dost wear a crown of light upon thy brow
More bright than is the sunshine on these hills;
Where music tends thy steps, sweet as the rill's.

I am content, dear Child, since thou art glad—
Since thou, in peace, know'st not when I am sad.
Dwell in thy fair abode! The time will be
When I, gone hence, shall find and live with thee.

M. Sheffey. Place

SIDNEY LANIER.

Dear brother, thou who grandly did'st aspire
To holy beauty, yet did'st meek obey
The voice from heaven that called thee

“Come up higher.” -----

Thou who our listening hearts did'st greatly sway
With magic of thy flute-toned, artful lay:
When like thy master, thou was't “clean forespent,”
Laid'st calmly down thy clear-voiced instrument.
How grandly now thy spirit, with no clod
Of frail and feeble flesh to hold her back,
Will follow through eternity thy God
In his vast, glorious, and harmonious track!

Danoke Dandridge

HENRY GRADY.

[For the Opening Day of the Atlanta Exposition, September 18, 1895.]

Ah! would that Grady could be here to-day!
His great, warm heart with ecstasy would bound
To see Atlanta thus with honor crowned.
For 'twas his eloquence that led the way
To scenes like this, where peace holds gentle sway.
Inspired by love to God and man, he found
Where lay the secret of a Union sound.
'Tis simply this: Like brothers love always.
Love was the key-note of his fervent speech,
And manly energy the glad refrain
By which the orator was wont to teach
Men North and South how to be one again.
No more those thrilling words our ears may reach,
But thousands swear they shall not be in vain.

Mary Stuart Smith

THE BEAUTIFUL.

TO MRS. JOSEPHINE DOUGLAS.

I had a dream one soft, sweet summer night,
In which, my soul, intoxicate with bliss,
Felt the strange rapture of the wild delight
That the young lover feels when the first kiss
Thrills on his lips from lips of her he loves.
Before me rose a form divinely bright.
The breath of roses filled the circling air,
And wantoned gently 'mid her shining hair,
Then woke to music in the darkling groves.
But more of her I cannot say. I had no thought—
I had no wish, but what had life in her;
No passion stirred my heart, but holy fear
Lest I should lose what I so long had sought,
All Heaven's perfection in one being wrought.

S. A. Brock Putnam.

EVENSONG.

A TRANSLATION.

I saw from the slope of the mountain,
The sun sink low in the West,
And the golden lights of evening
On forest and valley rest.

And peace enfolded the landscape
As the dew of Heaven fell,
And nature was soothed to slumber
By the chime of the curfew-bell.

I said to my heart, drink deeply
This universal Peace,
And with each child of nature
Let the cares of daylight cease.

Gently the nodding flowers
Their sleepy eyelids close,
And the restless wave of the brooklet,
With a drowsy murmur flows.

Each weary Sylph is nestling
In her soft and leafy bed,
And the dragon-fly on the bulrush
Lowers his crested head.

The golden beetles slumber
As their rose-leaf cradles rock,
And the shepherd to the sheepfold
Tenderly leads his flock.

To her nest in the dewy clover
The swift lark wings her flight,
In the hidden woodland valleys
Sleep stag and roe by night.

Who has for his own a cottage,
To its sweet repose has come,
And if in the land of the stranger,
It sends him a dream of Home.

But for me, a passionate longing
Possesses me, heart and mind,
I am weary, and fain would rest me,
And my home I cannot find.

Lula G. Page -

THE UNATTAINABLE.

One night the heavens shone supremely grand,
A little child looked up and questioned why
He might not touch a bit of that bright sky,
Hold one fair star within his eager hand.

He could not count them, thicker than the sand
Along some endless waste of sea they lie,
And yet so far away, so very high
Beyond his reach; he could not understand.

And as I listen to the childish longing
It finds a ready echo in my heart,
Dreams born of wild desire come madly thronging
In which I have no fleeting share nor part.
And like a little child I cannot see
Why so much brightness shines too high for me.

Mary Page Bird

CONTENTMENT.

AN ALLEGORY.

The master had walked in his garden,
One beautiful summer morn ;
And he looked around on the flowers,
That the beds and bowers adorn.

But he saw with surprise and sorrow,
That the blossoms he tended with care,
Were pale and drooping and withered ;
While nothing but death reigned there.

He paused by a queenly rosebush,
“Sweet rose, can you tell me why
The flowers I love so fondly
All hang their heads and die ?”

“Dear master, I bear only blossoms,”
The sweet rosebush replied,
“No fruit, like the vine, I bring you,
So I drooped until I died.”

Then he went to the fragile lily,
To ask if she could tell,
Why death came to blight and wither
The flowers he loved so well.

“Oh, I am so useless and tender,”
Said the lily, hanging her head,
“I cannot be bright like the roses,
So I thought I had better be dead.”

Thus on through the garden he wandered,
Each flower had a ready excuse,
“Because I am not like another,
I am sure I can be of no use.”

At last he espied, 'neath the bushes,
Where the sun could scarce find a place,
A dear little pansy; 'twas hidden,
With a smile on its bright little face.

“Sweet flower,” said the weary master,
As his lips to its leaves he pressed,
“What mean you by smiling so brightly,
Why don't you die with the rest?”

“Why, I cannot do much,” said the flower,

“But I think I am right, am I not?

If you had wanted a rosebush,

You'd have planted it in this spot.

“But I thought you wanted a pansy,

So I just determined to be,

The very best little pansy

That the master ever did see.”

Lena H. Tucker.

A SONNET.

“I love you”—ah! ’tis but a little thing,—

A sentence short, three tiny words,—and still,
Not poet’s art, nor yet musician’s skill,
Such wondrous happiness can bring
As these. O mystery-breathing spell,
Come to this heart of mine, and tell
The stories garnered through the years,
The hope made manifest, the tears
Checked at thy whisper, tender, sweet,
Soft as the wood-dove’s cooing, and complete
As life’s fulfilment, or the grand dream
Of selfishness for love, God’s master theme.
O soulful words, my spirit touch, and bring
The joy of life’s celestial wakening.

M. G. M. C. C. C.
————— “ —————

ANDENKEN.

[From the German of Matthisson.]

I think of thee when the forest trees
Bend to the whisp'ring evening breeze,
When the song of the nightingale
Wakes music in the wood and vale.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee by the woodland spring,
Where the oaks their shadows fling;
When the day and gloomy night
Mingle in the sad twilight.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee with smiles and tears,
With trembling hopes and anxious fears;
With longings for thy presence near
Thy voice to bless, thy smile to cheer.
How thinkest thou of me?

O think of me until we meet,
Beyond the bier and winding sheet;
Until our hearts in the world above,
Are *one* forever in joy and love!
Thus only think I of thee!

Rhodes Rivers

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be, I muse, when I shall cross
The sunless river? Shall I bear with me
Aught of the vain sweet store of memory,
Or lose it all, and know not of my loss?
Shall I remember, or let fall as dross,
The simple lore of garden and of lea—
What time the wild azalea lures the bee,
When purple violets nestle in the moss?
Shall I remember then the crocus gold,
The tender flush of flowering orchard trees,
The scent of hay fields, and of summer rain?
Fain would I even broken baubles hold;—
I were not I, were I bereft of these,
And born anew, unknowing joy or pain.

Anna Steger Atkinson

REST.

Night's blanket has been drawn o'er all the earth;
The sentinel stars keep silent watch o'erhead;
While soft-shod sleep steals gently on her way
To hold her loving vigil by each bed.

Now with commanding voice, so clear and low,
Sleep charges dull-eyed Care to leave her prey—
Then with a tender glance she softly kneels
To press a kiss and brush the tears away.

She tarries not to see each look of peace,
But hurries on, her mission to fulfil,
To bring some troubled soul the soothing draught
Of everlasting sleep so calm, so still.

See, Nature's gentle Nurse doth linger now
To softly stroke each tiny baby hand,
And bring again sweet smiles to quiv'ring lips
By crooning dreams of dewy Poppy-Land.

The waning stars their vigil cease to keep,
While Dawn arouses the reluctant Day,
And with the first faint flush of moon bids Sleep,
"Go gather up Night's blanket and away."

Mary Randolph Jones

SHE LAY THERE IN HER BRIDAL ROBES.

She lay there in her bridal robes,
So young, so fresh, so fair ;
We scarce believed it could be death
That left its impress there.

She lay there in her bridal robes,
When just six months before—
A lovely bride, she stood beneath
Love's light and smiles—aglow.

She lay there in her bridal robes,
So young, so pure, so fair ;
The rose-tint still was on her lips,
The pale gold in her hair.

To Heaven her soul had passed from earth,
All free from pain and care ;
You'd never think of dreading death
Could you have seen her there.

Leticia M. Barwell

WHAT IS POETRY?

A suggestion, like a boat,
That sets the mind afloat,
On the sea of thought.

TRUST.

In the darkness of the chamber
In sickness languish I,
And hear the swallows twitter
Out on the sunset sky.

God sends these sounds to tell me,
In life's dark trials sore,
He reigns supreme above me
And joy will give once more.

Clara Bell Dae

SECRETS.

Listen! In the summer gloaming
Comes a murmuring low, mysterious.
All the plumed and tasselled maize-stalks
Seem discussing matters serious.

Softly sighing satisfaction,
When the night breeze stirs among them,
Gravely whispering o'er the stories
That the gossip South-wind sings them.

"Bend your ear of corn down close, dear,"
Rustles one with leaves a-quiver;
"I have something rare to tell you,
South-wind says—now, *did* you ever?"

So all night while we are sleeping,
Every cornstalk to his fellow
Whispers thrilling cornfield secrets
In the August moonlight mellow.

Till at dawn the biggest cornstalk,
Standing green, and straight, and tall,
Shakes his five plump ears in triumph,
"I have heard the most of all!"

Virginia Cabell Gardner

IN HOLLYWOOD.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Oh! starry night skies,
With thousand bright eyes,
Loving watch keep o'er my laddie's green bed;
O'er his deep slumbers,
In tenderest numbers,
Fair river chant—he is sleeping, not dead.

Soft is the velvet sod,
As if by angels trod,
On the great mother-heart pillow thy head.
Who marks the sparrow's fall,
And heeds the lilies small,
Will He not keep my own—sleeping, not dead?

Sleeping so sweetly,
Night passeth fleetly,
Rest thee, my love, 'till its shadows are fled;
Until the day breaketh,
And morn thee awaketh;
Hush, hush, my heart—he *is* sleeping—not dead!

Lillie Cary.

CHILDHOOD

Childhood, I love thy silvery tone
And gush of joy so wild and free,
That springeth from thy glad, warm heart,
To fill the earth with melody.

The carol of a bird in spring
Doth leave a strange and witching spell,
The budding of a tender flower
Doth long within the bosom dwell.

The butterfly we chase at noon,
All bright with Heaven's own coloring,
Is treasured long within the heart
Ere earth has soiled its golden wing.

My little friend, though time may change
Thy sunny smile and cloudless brow,
And check the glad, free notes that flow
From out thy young, bright spirit now;

Yet thou shalt ever bear to me
The same glad smile from which I part,
And gentle tones that sweetly tell
Thy springtime loveliness of heart.

Mary Ecker

ABSENT.

Nor stars of night,
Nor light of sun,
Nor all earth's bright array,
Can make me glad,
But only sad
When my dear love's away.

The flowers may bloom,
The birds may sing,
For all their sweetest song—
It is not May
When love's away,
And ah, the days—how long!

Florence J. Duke

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Bright visions of my happy youth,
Why do ye rise to haunt me here?
Phantoms of early love and truth,
Shed with me tear for tear.

Ye wild majestic mountain heights!
Robed in your veil of dreamy blue,
Eternal hills, enchanting skies,
Time brings no changes unto you.

The lingering South wind's gentle song,
So sweet to other ears than mine,
Sounds like the dirge affection breathes,
Around its ruined shrine.

And all the landscape seems as fair
And sweet as in those bygone years,
But "home, sweet home," thy vanished light,
The dream of love alone endears.

And happy ones are 'round me now,
They press me to be blithe and gay,
And I suppress the rising tears,
And strive to seem as glad as they.

They know not how these quiet paths,
Which they each rolling year have trod,
To me are avenues through which
Beloved ones have passed to God.

Oh! happy smiles! oh! loving tones!
Oh! faces fair and pure and young,
I seem to hear in empty halls
The tales you told, the songs you sung.

I reach my hands out—all in vain;
The loving hands that answered mine
“Have passed into the voiceless land
Beyond the hills divine.”

Lizzie Pettit Cutler

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

I stood beneath the boughs, and looking through,
Scarce bore the joy of blended blossoms spread
In rosy interlacement overhead,
All trembling toward a pale ecstatic blue:
Stood hushed, as if my intruding, shrinking tread
Might part a group of angel children, led
By one sweet impulse up to turn each face.
In fragrance so the clusters low communed,
As flung for joy from victor souls attuned
To love divine, who breathe in Christ-lit space.
Why grieve in life's low sodden grave, I thought,
Though long in larger likeness sown, while seen
Such sapphire skies with bud and bloom between,
If Eastertides for souls are slower wrought?

Anne Fitzhugh Wilmer

IN HOLLYWOOD.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Oh! starry night skies,
With thousand bright eyes,
Loving watch keep o'er my laddie's green bed;
O'er his deep slumbers,
In tenderest numbers,
Fair river chant—he is sleeping, not dead.

Soft is the velvet sod,
As if by angels trod,
On the great mother-heart pillow thy head.
Who marks the sparrow's fall,
And heeds the lilies small,
Will He not keep my own—sleeping, not dead?

Sleeping so sweetly,
Night passeth fleetly,
Rest thee, my love, 'till its shadows are fled;
Until the day breaketh,
And morn thee awaketh;
Hush, hush, my heart—he *is* sleeping—not dead!

Lillie Bay.

CHILDHOOD

Childhood, I love thy silvery tone
And gush of joy so wild and free,
That springeth from thy glad, warm heart,
To fill the earth with melody.

The carol of a bird in spring
Doth leave a strange and witching spell,
The budding of a tender flower
Doth long within the bosom dwell.

The butterfly we chase at noon,
All bright with Heaven's own coloring,
Is treasured long within the heart
Ere earth has soiled its golden wing.

My little friend, though time may change
Thy sunny smile and cloudless brow,
And check the glad, free notes that flow
From out thy young, bright spirit now;

Yet thou shalt ever bear to me
The same glad smile from which I part,
And gentle tones that sweetly tell
Thy springtime loveliness of heart.

Mary Ecker

ABSENT.

Nor stars of night,
Nor light of sun,
Nor all earth's bright array,
Can make me glad,
But only sad
When my dear love's away.

The flowers may bloom,
The birds may sing,
For all their sweetest song—
It is not May
When love's away,
And ah, the days—how long!

Florence J. Duke

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Bright visions of my happy youth,
Why do ye rise to haunt me here?
Phantoms of early love and truth,
Shed with me tear for tear.

Ye wild majestic mountain heights!
Robed in your veil of dreamy blue,
Eternal hills, enchanting skies,
Time brings no changes unto you.

The lingering South wind's gentle song,
So sweet to other ears than mine,
Sounds like the dirge affection breathes,
Around its ruined shrine.

And all the landscape seems as fair
And sweet as in those bygone years,
But "home, sweet home," thy vanished light,
The dream of love alone endears.

And happy ones are 'round me now,
They press me to be blithe and gay,
And I suppress the rising tears,
And strive to seem as glad as they.

They know not how these quiet paths,
Which they each rolling year have trod,
To me are avenues through which
Beloved ones have passed to God.

Oh! happy smiles! oh! loving tones!
Oh! faces fair and pure and young,
I seem to hear in empty halls
The tales you told, the songs you sung.

I reach my hands out—all in vain;
The loving hands that answered mine
“Have passed into the voiceless land
Beyond the hills divine.”

Lizzie Pettit Cutler

OUR WATCHWORD.

Give us a name that will stand for aye
And ever a watchword be;
A name that will strengthen the hearts of men
To the peerless deeds of a hero, when
He fain would faint and flee.

A name that will live as a magic spell
In every age and clime;
Waking the soul to a purer birth
With a vision of high heroic worth
And of love and truth sublime.

Then, as from the heavens an answer came
Thrilling o'er land and sea:
And, clear as the note of a bugle swells,
Sweet as the chiming of sabbath bells,
Echoed the name of *Lee!*

Susan Archer Weiss.

EVE.

Ah! Mother Eve, with those sad eyes of thine,
Down through the ages dropping woeful tears;
For all the glory of thy birth they pine,
Through mist of pain and sorrow do they shine,
Through strife of bitter years.

How fair thou art, of wondrous, comely grace:
How innocent, how tender is thy love:
What heavenly sweetness, in thy star-bright face,
Which Adam saw undimmed, for one brief space,
While Heaven smiled above.

Oh! matchless pain, that o'er so fair a soul
Rebellious, curious passion thus should sway.
That hand of thine, outstretched to ruddy goal,
Has wrought all human woe, a bitter dole
Of sadness for to-day.

Thy children on the earth upbraid thee now—
Eve—meekly bending to the heavy rod;
With lips all purified, with chastened brow,
With life made holy, for thy Maker's vow
That thou should'st be the mother of thy God.

When heavenly gates shall open to our view,
When from Earth's secret springs the shadow clears,
Among God's jewels (stars of radiant hue),
Angels shall show us, shining in the blue,
Sweet Eve's repentant tears.

T. Lucas — .

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE MADONNA.

I gazed on the painted Assumption
Till my soul was aglow with its gleam,
And I envied the power of the painter
To tint, in its beauty, a dream.
Yet, 'tis but a beautiful fancy,
For only to mothers is given
To see in a glorified vision
How Mary the Maid entered Heaven.

All softly and shyly she entered,
Unheeding the glow and the light,
Unheeding the throb of the music,
The songs of the seraphs in white ;
With eyes that saw only one Figure,
Amid all the throngs of the blest,
The Man who had hung upon Calvary,
The Baby who hung on her breast ;

The Brow she had covered with kisses,
The Brow that the thorn-pricks had marred;
The Feet whose first step she had guided,
The Feet that the nail thrust had scarred;
The Hands that had caught at her garments,
The Hands that were pierced for our sin;
Her well beloved Son and her Saviour.
So Mary the Mother came in.

I know, by my arms that are empty,
I know, by my eyes' blinding tears,
I know, by my heart's weary aching,
I know, by the slow dragging years,
I know, by my motherhood's gladness,
I know, by my motherhood's woe,
That this was the joy of her heaven.
Oh, Mother of mothers, I know.

A. Henderson. Springfield.

PERCEPTION.

We went to walk one summer day,
My little girl and I;
We watched the birds play hide and seek
Beneath the azure sky;
And saw the poppies nod and blink
In a field of waving rye.

We sat to rest her little limbs—
On an old romantic stile,
Where years ago one August eve
I had lingered for awhile,
There told her mother of my love
And won an answering smile.

Soon was the child again astir,
We strolled along a brook,
When to amuse my little maid
A smooth, round stone I took
Far flung, it touched the surface calm;
I could but pause to look.

But the big, blue eyes saw something more,
The eyes of my precious child,
As she watched the place where the ripples part,
Receding with motion mild:
"Oh papa!" she cried, as she caught my hand,
"See how the water smiled!"

Margaret E. Glass

A FRAGMENT.

**No crown of king doth rest in majesty upon thy brow,
Nor do thy praises echo from some laureate's pen,
No subjects with adoring hearts before thee bow,
Thou swayest no sceptre o'er the heads of men.
But on a throne within my heart thou sittest enshrined
And all day long thy praises soft I sing.
I kneel and crown thee with the homage of my soul, love!
Thou art my King!**

* * * * *

Lucey Day Martin

ECHOES.

I thought as her lips breathed out the answer
Which made her his wife for aye,
Of that other one who had loved her so truly
Now far away.

Of that other life all wrapped in darkness,
Whose dawn had been so bright.
Did she give one thought to the sad heart breaking
Alone tonight?

Weep not, O breaking heart, forsaken!
That thou could'st not call her thine,
For her heart is cold tho' her eyes have stirred
Thy heart like wine.

Lucy Day Martin

AN UNBIDDEN THOUGHT.

After awhile—a busy brain
Will rest from all its care and pain,
After awhile—Earth's rush will cease,
And a burdened heart find sweet release.

After awhile—a vanished face,
An empty seat—a vacant place.
After awhile—a name forgot,
A crumbled headstone—unknown spot.

Maggie F. Smith.

Alexandria, Va.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The Autumn leaves are falling ; like a spirit, thro' the vale,
In fitful strains there shrieks and dies dark Winter's coming gale.
The meadow where the cattle roam hath turned a darker brown,
And Morning's tear of dew hath froze the leaf it trickled down,
Yes, Autumn leaves are falling, but the barren forest trees
Shall in a few more months bear leaves more lovely far than these,
The oak gives up for brighter green it's foliage brown and sere,
Just so, this life we only give for life without a tear.

John A. Beckwith

MY LITTLE NUN.

(LILY OF THE VALLEY.)

Lovely little Lady Lily!
Lustrous little Lady Lily—
With your luminous white face
Bowed here in such perfect grace,
Raiment glistening, angel white
As if woven out of light,
Standing with your door ajar
On this inlaid emerald floor.
What a peerless thing you are!
Looking like a shining one
Bathing in the morning sun.
Little cloistered, saintly Nun!
These dewdrops the beads you tell,
Leaning from your cool, green cell
While this fresh, clean morning air
Holds the fragrance of your prayer.

Selma Garpley Williams

THE FIRST VIOLET.

Out from a mossy nook in a dim wood,
Where, silently and lone, my steps intrude
To share thy solitude, thou lift'st to mine
Soft glances, little Violet—they shine
Brightly amid the gloom, as if to say,
“Spring, thy belovèd, is not far away :
I mark her coming—that sweet duty done,
Lifting my timid eyes to greet the sun,
My mission ended, my brief joy complete,
I breathe my life away at Beauty's feet.”
Thou speakest well, sweet blossom, thus to know,
That with thy perfumed petals all aglow
Thou the sweet prophet art of bird and flower ;
Of vernal summer-haunt and woodland bower ;
Soft winds, gay streams, and all the glorious things,
Vertumnia droppeth from her dewy wings.
I would compare thee to the first fond smile
That lights with hope and joy the heart the while

From eyes it worships, shedding a soft glow
Of trembling rapture on the depths below,
Where erst, a flowerless wintry strand beside;
Life's swelling stream rolled on, a cheerless tide:
Now calm and bright reflecting, from afar,
The warm sweet radiance of Love's risen star.

Cornelia J M Jordan.

“HE REMEMBERETH THAT WE ARE DUST.”

PSALMS CIII., 14.

Falter not, thou weary pilgrim,
Tried and tempted by defeat ;
Hasten with thy weary burden
Nearer to the mercy seat,
In the light of God's compasssion
Vanish darkness and distrust.
Oh! divinest love and pity!
He remembereth we are dust!

He remembereth! Ay! He knoweth
All our frail and feeble frame ;
He has felt its human weakness,
He has borne its sin and shame,
Yes, the gentle son of Mary,
Tender, merciful and just,
Oft recalls earth's bitter anguish,
And remembereth we are dust.

As a tender human parent
Seeks and soothes an erring child,
So our loving Heavenly Father
Pities us by sin defiled.
Boundless love and matchless pity!
Great All-Father, Thee we trust!
Though Thy glory fills the heavens,
Thou rememberest *we are dust.*

Aye, may Israel's royal singer
In his sweet, triumphant strain
Bless the Lord for all His mercies
And recount the wondrous train.
Words more gracious, never sovereign
Uttered from his throne august.
Weak and sorrowing fellow-pilgrims!
God remembereth we are dust.

Lucy Emily Hensinger

GOLDEN ROD.

She stood the blooming flowers among,
When Spring's soft airs were whispering,
And all the woods were glad with song,
A poor, unsightly, weed-like thing.

The Summer, with her languid sigh,
Stole on and warmed the winnowing air,
And still the wild bee passed her by,
And still she grew neglected there.

All scattered lie the flowers of Spring;
The Summer's early bloom is dead;
The song-birds have forgot to sing;
The thrush to other haunts has fled.

The mountain wears a misty crown;
The first red leaves are fitting by;
But to the fields is drifted down
A glory from the glowing sky.

A reflex of the ripened sun,
All Spring and Summer stored with care,
The patient plant heart's work is done,
And now all nature owns her fair.

And from each dainty golden cup,
With amber nectar richly stored,
The Bacchant bees with rapture sup,
And hum love-ditties at her board.

Thus the slow-changing soul that keeps
Within her secret depths aglow,
And feels, as in long, dreamful sleeps
The germ immortal stir and grow.

The soul that feared itself so poor,
Half doubtful of its ripening,
When Autumn's sun hath warmed its core,
May bloom at last, a radiant thing.

Danoke Dandridge

AN AUTUMN FANCY.

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,”

So quaint George Herbert sang of Spring
In verse “where sweets compacted lie.”

O happy pair, bright earth, glad sky,
Whose wedding song was sung you then,
I fancy that you sometimes sigh
To live your honeymoon again.

You love this tranquil, wedded bliss,
Each in the other made complete,
Yet tell me—do you never miss
The springtime thrill of rapture sweet?

Is Love's glad story not all told?
Has it a dearer charm for you
Than in sweet wooing-days of old?
Have April wishes all come true?

Ah tell a wistful, wondering maid,
Is coming June the charm of May?
Or does the May half wish delayed
The perfect, crowning, bridal day?

Alice Broadus Mitchell

NEVERMORE?

A great, black rock in the sea,
The wide, wild sea of the Past,
It stands forth darkly and drearily,
Like a mausoleum vast,
The buried years lie there,
In a mighty, gateless tomb;
A sepulchre, strong as despair,
Sealed by a changeless doom.

I come with a pining soul
To this mighty grave of Time;
I know that the years have reached their goal,
And lie in a rest sublime,
But oh! If the dead might rise,
And break the bonds of sleep,
And look on me with their earnest eyes,
So glorious and so deep.

Come forth with grave-clothes bound,
O Life of the days of yore!
I have dealt thee many a bitter wound,
And now thou art mine no more.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

[As pictured by Schiller and rendered into English by M. S. S.]

Within doors greet
The wife discreet,
The mother fair,
And full of care.
She wisely guides,
And firmly chides.
Her sweet control
Imbues the whole.

Her daughter instructing, the boys she commands,
And moves, without ceasing, her diligent hands.
Economy and order more
Increase the wealth laid up in store.
She fills with stuffs, sweet-scented chests,
Her busy spinning-wheel ne'er rests :
And heaps the well-scoured presses full
Of snowy linen, glistening wool.
The good and bright she minglenth ever,
And resteth never.

Mary Stuart Smith

EUTHANASIA.

With the faces the dearest in sight,
With a kiss on the lips I love best,
To whisper a tender "Good-night,"
And pass to my pillow of rest.

To kneel all my service complete,
All duties accomplished—and then
To finish my orisons sweet
With a trustful and joyous "Amen."

And softly, when slumber was deep,
Unwarned by a shadow before,
On a halcyon billow of sleep
To float to the Thitherward shore.

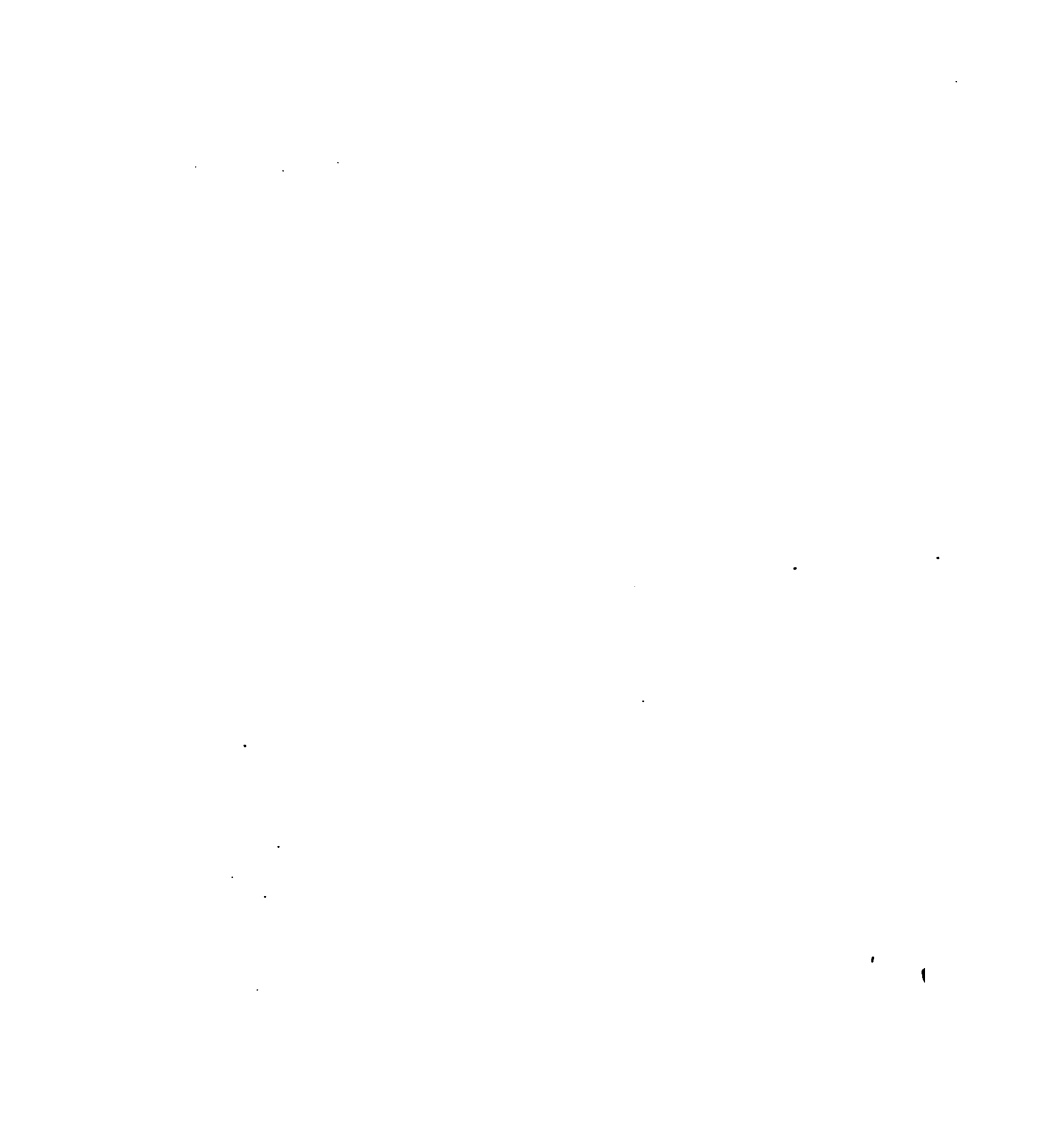
Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath;
Unharmd by the phantom of fear,
To glide through the darkness of death.

Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given:
A quiver—a pause of the heart.
A vision of Angels—then Heaven!

Margaret J. Preston

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12
13

14







1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in the context of public administration and financial management. The text notes that without reliable records, it is difficult to track the flow of funds and ensure that resources are being used as intended.

2. The second part of the document addresses the challenges associated with data collection and analysis. It highlights that gathering comprehensive data from various sources can be a complex and time-consuming process. However, the benefits of having a robust data set are significant, as it allows for more informed decision-making and the identification of trends and patterns. The document suggests that investing in data management systems and training staff can help overcome these challenges.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the role of technology in modernizing operations. It discusses how digital tools and platforms can streamline processes, reduce errors, and improve communication. For example, the use of cloud-based systems can facilitate data sharing and collaboration across different departments. The text also mentions the importance of ensuring that any technology adopted is secure and compliant with relevant regulations.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the need for continuous improvement and innovation. It argues that organizations should regularly evaluate their current practices and seek out new ways to enhance efficiency and effectiveness. This can involve experimenting with different approaches, learning from both successes and failures, and fostering a culture of innovation where employees are encouraged to propose and implement new ideas.

5. The fifth and final part of the document concludes by emphasizing the importance of leadership and governance. It states that clear vision, strong communication, and effective oversight are crucial for the success of any initiative. Leaders should ensure that all stakeholders are aligned with the organization's goals and that there is a strong focus on ethical conduct and integrity throughout all activities.



